"Stephen Barber here", the heavily-English, deep baritone voice into the phone, soundinding almost like a corrupted deep-Sotuth man's, especially so because of the slowness of his speech, and English drawl.

My blood pressure went up. He had on Monday told me I'd hear from him before tomorrow. Was it good or bad? Did the Telegraph go for it? Or was this another of the disappointments, so acute because they are preceeded by encouraging signs. Barber, while making clear he could not speak for his paper, had indicated a clear personal interest, and his willingness to send a long cable - his idea - was a reflection, to me at least, of his opinion of what I was offering.

"I have just heard from Gordon B Shepherd (apparently the Sunday or the Sunday feature editor - he told me, but my hand was too unsteady - after all these years! to write it all or even legibly)-He is in contact now with Mr. Frewin."

Well, this is something, as Barber soon confirmed. "It thought you'd like to know, " he continued, his cultured and gracefully modulated voice continuing as a smooth level, "because I do not see how Mr. Frewin could possibly offer first refusal onma book unless he intends to publish it."

How I hope so. When Barber continued by reference to "two characters here" which he never finished, I could only wonder was Frewin the kind of man who could

do all this on speculation?

He then said he'd get off a longer communication covering our meeting and the things he had learned. When he expressed his own great desire to read it, I told him I'd bring him a copy Friday. Politely, he suggested I not go the trouble of a special trip, but I assured him I'd be going to the dentist that morning anyway, and he said he was looking forward to reading it.

Before ending the conversation I asked him if he recalled going trought the file of copies of some of the publishers' praises and seeing a carbon copy he had, on my return, indicated having seen. He did. I then recalled we had begun to speak of the SEP and hadn't finished.

"Right"

"I was elated on driving home that day, and I got to thinking how could the Post say they were brave and others weren't, yet with grace and dignity? And how could I say what I wante about the lack of freedom of the press this entire episode revealed? That is a rough draft of something I wrote, intending it for "Speaking Out-

"Yes; I've seen that."

"Thinking thereby to toss the two stones with one pitch."

"Right."

"What did you think of it?"

"I th ught it was a lecture."

"Was it dull?" disappointed.

"Nottatall. I thought it was good."

Thanks." Relieved. Well, perhpas that and some other things might in the end be of interest to your people. Maybe we can talk a little when I come in Friday.

"Good".

And we said goodby.

This happened when the phone rang at about 9;45, Wednesday morning 3/23/66. I had been up since about 4:30, drifting in and out of a not unpleasant but light and unstaisfying slumber. At a little before six I dressed and got thepaper, reding it before awakened Lil. Then I did a few odds and ends of things, feeling not at all like getting down to the work I had scheduled. Took the mower to Robey Watkins to get it ready for the grass, already growing and brilliantly, shiningly green and in need of cutting in the lusher, protected spots. Home again and still with the ends loose, I again postponed work, had a nervous hunger, brewed some tea and decided to read until after the mail came, when, I promised myself, I'd have to end would work. I was sitting near the phone, with THE GREEN BERETS. Nanettes swelling breats were about to defy their restraints when the phone rang.